

ALLIES BREAKING FOE'S STIFFER RESISTANCE

# The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

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One Penny.

PERONNE LIBERATED BY BRITISH—ANOTHER TYPICAL EXAMPLE  
OF THE GERMANS' PUERILE VENGEANCE.



British troops entering Peronne. The Germans here displayed the same savagery as at Bapaume and destroyed as much of the town as possible.—(Official photograph.)



British officers studying maps in Peronne.—(Official photograph.)

March 19 was a glorious day for British arms. Beside liberating Peronne, our troops took Nesle and Chaulnes, in addition to sixty villages, while in twenty-four hours they advanced to a depth in places of ten miles on a front of, roughly, forty-five miles.



Troops in the main square of the town.—(Official photograph.)

Peronne has seen war before, the last event in its military annals being its stubborn defence against the Prussians in the winter of 1870-1. The enemy is now offering a much more stubborn resistance and has caused inundations to impede our advance.



## LESS MUST BE EATEN OR STATE RATIONING.

Compulsion Plan Ready,  
Says Lord Devonport.

### DRASTIC THREATS.

Lord Devonport, the Food Controller, uttered a grave warning in the House of Lords yesterday with regard to the consumption of food.

The necessity for a still further diminution of food, he said, permitted of no argument. A drastic order on the subject was coming.

It is understood that it will include:  
Two meatless days a week.  
Two potatoless days.  
No more than five ounces of uncooked meat for each person.

The new Order will, it is expected, be issued almost immediately and will come into operation some time next week.

### CONTROLLER'S THREAT.

Lord Devonport, in his speech, admitted that as regards bread and meat allowance there had been a very widespread observation of the prescribed standard. But there was room for a still more general observation.

The necessity for the diminution of food consumption applied more especially to bread than meat.

Bread was a vital counter and unless there was very considerable diminution in its consumption there was not a shadow of doubt that some drastic order would have to be resorted to.

It would be a national calamity to resort to compulsion without having tried the voluntary system.

Though he was not contemplating such a step at present, still he had the machinery ready.

He did not claim it was ready to the last button on the gaiter—and if necessary he would not be found obstinate in the matter, or slow to respond to the needs of the situation.

Compulsion would be applied unless consumption was further decreased or if the situation became worse, and the weekly Admiralty reports showed that the situation was changing from week to week.

As regards meat, he had sufficient herds in this country to enable us to carry on for several months without importing a single head.

### "MEAN HOARDING."

There had been a substantial reduction in the consumption of meat, amounting to at least 10 per cent., all over the country, as compared with the corresponding period of last year, or 240,000 tons per annum.

The distribution of sugar, he admitted, was uneven and unsatisfactory, though there was sufficient issued week by week to allow every man, woman and child in the country three-quarters of a pound.

This shortage was partly due to the ignoble and mean practice of sugar hoarding and partly to irregularity of transport.

With the former he proposed to deal by an order under the Defence of the Realm regulations, which would make all excessive buying of food by the consumer a dangerous and a costly practice.

He had also appointed a Departmental Committee to inquire into the whole question of sugar distribution, and it would get to work at once.

### SUGAR CHARTER FLAW.

The new Order restricting food, it is understood, will have reference to hotels, restaurants and eating-houses. The Order, which will be of a very drastic character, will considerably diminish the present food allowance.

There is general complaint that Lord Devonport's new food regulations, in so far as they affect the sugar problem, do not altogether solve the difficulties of buying sugar.

The measure making it a legal offence to make the sale of sugar, or any other article of food, conditional on other purchases is a welcome one, but it does not assure the public of a sugar supply.

It seems that the grocer, if he does not like it, or for any other reason of his own, is not obliged to sell me any sugar at all," said a woman reader to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday. "Obviously the only course now open to the Food Controller is to secure authority to compel the grocer to sell sugar supplies."

### SPRING SNOW.

Country Swept by Heavy Down-falls and Biting Winds.

Yesterday, the second day of spring, brought no improvement in the weather. Snow squalls throughout the day were frequent. The sun shone bravely between squalls. A chill east wind prevailed.

The Isle of Wight, which has had the severest winter for many years, was visited by another heavy fall of snow, and in Mid-Lincolnshire there was a heavy fall.

Snowstorms are reported from North-West Durham, South Staffs and North Worcestershire, with severe frosts.



Wooden gun on the Aisne. A number of these dummy weapons were found after the German retreat.—(French War Office photograph.)

## PREMIER'S TELEGRAM

Glowing Words on Freedom to  
Head of Russian Government.

### HOUSE SENDS GREETINGS.

"I believe the revolution whereby the Russian people have based their destinies on the sure foundation of freedom is the greatest service which they have yet made to the cause for which the allied peoples have been fighting since August, 1914."

This is a passage from a telegram which Mr. Lloyd George has sent to the Russian Premier. Mr. Lloyd George continues:—

"It is the sure promise that the Prussian military autocracy which began the war and which is still the only barrier to peace will itself before long be overthrown."

"Freedom is the condition of peace, and I do not doubt that as a result of the establishment of a stable Constitutional Government within their borders the Russian people will be strengthened in their resolve to prosecute this war until the last stronghold of tyranny on the continent of Europe is destroyed."

The House of Commons last night passed a resolution sending fraternal greetings to the Duma. Mr. Bonar Law, who moved the resolution, said that it was too soon to say that all danger had passed in Russia, but it was not too soon to send from the Mother of Parliaments a message of goodwill.

Mr. Asquith, supporting the motion, said that Russia took her place by the side of the great democracies of the world. (Cheers.)

**Russian Mission.**—General Baron Zakomelsky (says the Exchange) has arrived in London on a special mission from Russia.

**Tsarina's Intrigues.**—A Petrograd message says that correspondence between the ex-Tsarina and Mr. Protopopoff, the ex-Minister of the Interior, has been discovered which confirms the reports of the efforts of adherents of the old regime to conclude a separate peace with Germany. The ex-Ministers are to be tried by jury.

**Illness of ex-Tsar's Children.**—The condition of the ex-Tsar's children, says a Petrograd message, is reported to have become worse. The Grand Duchess Olga, the ex-Emperor's eldest daughter, is delirious.

### FOE PRINCE MISSING.

His Flight Over British Line—  
Played Tennis at Wimbledon.

"Three enemy aeroplanes have been shot down. The aeroplane piloted by Prince Friedrich Karl von Preussen, which went for a flight over the enemy lines between Arras and Peronne, has not returned."

This was a paragraph contained in yesterday's German communiqué.

Prince Friedrich Karl is a great-grandson of Prince Karl, brother of the Emperor William I. The young Prince, who is a particularly able lawn tennis player, entered the tennis championship matches at Wimbledon some years ago under the modest nom de guerre of "F. Karl," and it was some time before his identity was revealed, although the rumour quickly spread that he was a German Prince.

### "OBEY ME BLINDLY."

Medical Superintendent to Pay  
£100 for Breach of Promise.

"I want you to obey me blindly. I want you to develop your genius by keeping yourself on a high standard of education by studying certain books which I will bring you. You will be my right hand in the future. I will close with heaps of kisses."

This extract is from a letter written by Mounar Farg, an Egyptian, who was stated to be the medical superintendent of Warwick Hospital, Coventry.

He was yesterday the defendant in an action brought against him by Lily Rix for breach of promise, and the jury at the London Sheriff's Court awarded her £100.

Mr. Colan, K.C., said that the girl met defendant when twenty-one at a bazaar where she was employed. He prevailed on her to give up her fiancé.

## NEW IRISH ATTEMPT.

Cabinet to Make Another Effort to  
Settle Home Rule Problem.

### "WORTH RISK OF FAILURE."

"In spite of the risk of failure, the Government has decided that it is worth while for them, on their own responsibility, in some way to make another attempt to settle the Irish question."

Thus spoke Mr. Bonar Law in the House of Commons last night, replying to a motion by Sir Henry Dalziel calling upon the Government to take immediate steps to settle the Irish question.

"The House know the difficulties," said Mr. Bonar Law, and he hoped they would not press him to say more.

Earlier in his speech he said it had been suggested that he desired an election on the Irish question. There was nothing he would more detest.

The difficulty of settling the Irish question was in Ireland itself. The power that had got to be got into operation was not the power of the leaders of the contending parties; it was the men behind who had to be convinced.

Feeling in Ulster would be found to be not quite so adamant owing to the fact that all the British parties had openly said there could be no question of enforcing a settlement on Ulster. He adhered to this view.

If the Nationalist Party would openly avow that they were prepared to enter in the same spirit as the British parties it would become far easier to make an arrangement with Ulster.

Mr. Asquith said it was better to make an attempt and fail than to make no attempt.

Sir Henry Dalziel pointed out that they entered the war for a scrap of paper. They could not forget that there was an Irish scrap of paper endorsed by the will of the people of this country.

## STANDARDISED SHIPS.

Building of 100 Already Arranged  
for by the Government.

The construction of standardised ships has been undertaken by the Government.

In the House of Commons last night, Sir Leo C. Money said that about 100 standardised ships had been arranged for.

These vessels were of three sizes, with a carrying capacity of 3,000, 5,000 and 3,000 tons deadweight. Some of the 8,000 tonners had been built as two-deck vessels, the others were single-deck vessels.

Over fifty were already under construction. Negotiations were rapidly proceeding for the purchase of tonnage.

He did not consider it would be in the public interest to give details, although he would be pleased to give them privately to any hon. member.

## FEWER LONDON 'BUSES.

Eleven More Routes Withdrawn  
To-day Owing to Petrol Shortage.

The London General Omnibus Company announce that, in consequence of further restrictions in the supply of motor petrol, it has become necessary that the company should immediately curtail its operations.

It has therefore been decided that the following routes will be withdrawn, commencing this morning:—

- |                                       |  |
|---------------------------------------|--|
| 1. Kilburn and Tower Bridge.          | 38A. Woodford and Victoria.              |
| 55. Wimbledon Park and South Hackney. | 45. Clapham Common and King's Cross.     |
| 10B. Wandsworth and Epsom Town.       | 49A. Crystal Palace and Shepherd's Bush. |
| 14A. Stroud Green and Camden Town.    | 54. Waltham Green and Camden Town.       |
| 27A. Teddington and Highgate.         | 73. Barnes and King's Cross.             |
|                                       | 74. Putney and Camden Town.              |

At the same time, reductions will be made in the services on routes 6, 7, 8, 11, 13, 16 and 25, and route 33 will run between Richmond and Hammersmith only.

## HUNS' SECRET ORDER TO GERMAN PRESS.

'Call U Warfare Unlimited,  
Not Ruthless!'

### TWO FACES FOR AMERICA.

The *Daily Mirror* has received a secret official German document showing how the German "public opinion" on the subject of U boat warfare is "made in Germany."

It was issued from Munster (Germany) in February by the General Command, 7th Army Corps (Department 11d, No. 1149).

It is interesting to note that the German papers are instructed to characterise the U boat warfare as "unlimited," not ruthless, and Germany's two-faced hypocrisy is well illustrated by the instruction that "outward forms of friendliness" are to be used towards America. The document is as follows:—

No. 585.

NOTICE.

To Newspaper and Editorial Offices.  
CONFIDENTIAL. NOT TO BE COPIED.

SECRET.

Newspapers are requested to act on the following advice when discussing unlimited U boat war:—

1. Opinions regarding the usefulness of the measures and of the time chosen, after the decision has been made, would have the effect of weakness and lack of harmony, would encourage the enemy, and perhaps induce wavering neutrals to come in.

### MARSHALLING THE CLAUQUE.

2. For the beginning of the concluding struggle, absolute internal union is essential. The determined approval of the entire people must ring out from the Press.

3. It is a question, not of movement of de-population—all the factors have been carefully weighed after conscientious technical naval preparation—but of the best and only means to a speedy victorious ending of the war.

4. Towards America it is advisable to use the outward form of friendliness. Unfriendlyness would increase the danger of America coming in—the breaking off of diplomatic relations, even active participation, hangs in the balance. The side of the Press must not increase this danger.

5. The Navy, fully conscious of its power, enters into this new section of the war with firm confidence in the result. It is recommended that the phrase be called unlimited, not ruthless, U boat war.

6. Material, personnel and appliances are being increased and approved continually; trained reserves are ready.

### WORKING UP THE FEAR.

7. England's references to the perfection of her means of defence, which are intended to reassure the English people, are refuted by the good results of the last months.

8. Each result is now much more important, because the enemy's mercantile marine is already weakened, the material used up. Much coloured propaganda is necessary.

9. The psychological influence should not be underestimated. Fear amongst the enemy and neutrals leads to difficulties with the crews and may induce neutrals to keep ships in harbour. The U boat war is now exclusively a part of the combined method of waging war, therefore a purely military matter.

### "A SMEAR OF RED."

Story of What Mr. Lotinga Saw  
on Friend's Lips.

A divorce case, in which all the parties are well-known artists on the variety stage, came before Sir Samuel Evans yesterday. Mr. Ernest Lotinga seeking a decree against his wife, Mrs. Winifred Lotinga, and damages against Mr. Jack Norworth.

Mr. Hume Williams, K.C., for the petitioner, said the marriage took place in 1901, and Mr. Lotinga then proceeded to train his wife and get her engagements. He so far succeeded that from £5 a week she had received as much as £150 weekly.

It was a happy marriage, and at Christmas, 1915, all the parties concerned were engaged at the Queen's Theatre, Shaftesbury-avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Lotinga became on friendly terms with the co-respondent and his wife. Mr. Lotinga had no suspicions until he noticed Mr. Norworth coming out of Mrs. Lotinga's dressing-room. He had a smear of red paint on his lips.

As Mrs. Lotinga used that paint he became suspicious, and finally asked his wife to give up her association with Norworth. She refused, and the next morning went off to her father.

In July Mrs. Lotinga refused to join her husband on his annual holiday, saying she was going for a motor tour with her father.

It turned out that from August 6 to August 12 Mrs. Lotinga and Mr. Norworth were staying together on a farm at Altrincham, Cheshire.

Mr. Lotinga gave evidence, and Mrs. Lotinga was cross-examined.

The hearing was adjourned.

The representatives of the Overseas Dominions and of India were present at the second meeting yesterday of the Imperial War Cabinet, over which the Prime Minister presided.



# FOE RESISTANCE INCREASING ON BRITISH FRONT

**Sir D. Haig Says Heavy Snowstorms Have Added to Difficulties of Advance.**

## FRENCH PROGRESS NORTH OF SOISSONS.

**German Attacks on Russians: Foe Hopes to Profit by Revolution—Atlantic Raider Returns to Port.**

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Thursday.

8.47 P.M.—The enemy's resistance is increasing along our whole front from west of St. Quentin to south of Arras.

Heavy snowstorms during the day have added to the difficulties of our advance.

We carried out a successful raid yesterday afternoon north-east of Arras and took a few prisoners. The enemy endeavoured to counter-attack across the open, and suffered severe casualties.

A small hostile party succeeded in entering our trenches early this morning north of Ypres. The raiders were driven out by our garrison after a sharp fight. Another hostile raiding party was dispersed by our machine-gun fire south-west of Lens.

Our aeroplanes were active again yesterday in the area of the enemy's withdrawal, and much valuable reconnaissance work was carried out. One German machine was brought down behind our lines.

## OUR CAVALRY FIVE MILES GREAT GERMAN ATTACK FROM ST. QUENTIN. ON THE RUSSIANS.

**Guns Ready to Reduce Ten Miles of Foe Driven from Part of Captured Positions—Rumanian Front Active.**

WAR CORRESPONDENTS' CAMP, BRITISH FRONT, FRANCE, Thursday.

Wintry conditions continue to prevail on the western front, with considerable falls of snow, rendering field operations difficult.

The bad weather is, however, quite as unfavourable to the Germans as to ourselves, since they cannot get observation on the strength and direction of our advance.

On the whole this advance during yesterday and last night was of the same general character as on the previous day.

That is to say, it was most rapid in the Santerre Plateau, west of St. Quentin, and slowest along about twenty miles of the front extending south-eastward from Arras.

Our cavalry patrols are in contact with the German rearwards within five miles of the outskirts of St. Quentin.

The enemy resistance is most active in the sector between Arras and Ypres, the latter place being defended by a series of strong points.

### MACHINE-GUN POSTS.

Between Ypres and Croisilles, a distance of some ten miles, the retreating Germans are holding a series of fortifications or machine-gun posts.

We are getting up our field guns in excellent style, and not much difficulty is anticipated in reducing these.

There is already a pretty deep bulge eastwards in the enemy's line at this part, reaching to Beaumetz-les-Cambrai, which considerable village was occupied by our troops yesterday.

This carries our advance to a point some four miles north of Ypres.

The Germans are continuing the practice of carrying away batches of women to guard against the possibility of their future employment by the French on munitions.

Many stories of disaffection in the ranks of the retreating enemy are current, and, without placing too much credence in these, the old proverb about no smoke without fire may well apply.

It is known the Huns are finding difficulty in maintaining their food supplies during the retreat, and some of the later prisoners declare that they have not eaten anything for some time.—Reuter's Special.

## PLIGHT OF KUT CAPTIVES

According to information received in this country from reliable sources, Reuter learns that British officers who are prisoners of the Turks appear to be well treated, but the lot of the men who were taken at Kut is most unsatisfactory.

It is known that large numbers of these soldiers are employed on the Baghdad Railway, and that the conditions under which they live is bad, with a resulting high rate of mortality.

Their position has been considerably alleviated as a result of the splendid work of Mr. Elkins, the American Ambassador at Constantinople, who has succeeded in getting supplies through to the captives.

The Turkish authorities continue to refuse to allow an inspection of the camps by officials of the American Embassy.



Sir Douglas Haig reports that the enemy's resistance is increasing along our whole front west of St. Quentin to south of Arras.

## MR. LANSING DENIES STORY OF MEDIATION MOVE.

**Brands Report of Neutral Overtures as Pro-German Propaganda.**

WASHINGTON, Thursday.—It is reported that a neutral Power, possibly Switzerland, is about to make a offer of mediation between the United States and Germany.—Central News.

WASHINGTON, Thursday.—State Department officials have intimated that neutral nations may renew previous efforts to assist to straighten out the difficulties between Germany and America.—Exchange.

It is reported that the Swiss Minister, Ritter, who once before was responsible for such a report, has again been active.—Exchange.

### DUTCH ARMED SHIPS BAN.

AMSTERDAM, Thursday.—The Handelsblad says it is rumoured that the Dutch Government has refused an American request to give armed American merchantmen admission to Dutch ports.

The ports of Holland will accordingly be closed to American and British shipping. The Handelsblad suggests that Great Britain and the United States will certainly regard this as an unfriendly action.—Central News.

### U.S. OVERSEAS ARMY.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday (received yesterday).—It is stated that the President and his officials discussed the question of an overseas army at the Cabinet meeting.

The army chiefs are looking forward to a call for 300,000 volunteers, and are making provision for the employment of the whole strength of a navy and army of three millions of men. Industrial mobilisation is being speeded up.—Wireless Press.

New York, Wednesday Night.—The War Department has notified the managers of all railroads to be prepared to move troops to designated points for mobilisation at three days' notice.—Central News.

### TORPEDOED STEAMER.

AMSTERDAM, Thursday.—The American steamer Hauldon (4,489 tons), belonging to the Standard Oil Co., has been torpedoed, a boat containing seven of the crew has reached the island of Terschelling.—Central News.

## KAISER'S CONFERENCE.

AMSTERDAM, Thursday.—The Chancellor left Berlin yesterday for General Headquarters, where he will have important conferences with the Kaiser.

It is believed that the Chancellor will discuss the latest developments with the Kaiser and Field-Marshal Hindenburg on the fronts, and also as to the political situation in Russia.

In German parliamentary circles the conferences are considered to be of exceptional importance, especially from the standpoint of foreign politics.—Exchange.

## ENEMY'S TREE TRAPS FOR ALLIES.

**Huns Expect Hindenburg to Execute Terrible Plan.**

## LOOTERS' GALA DAYS.

HAM, Thursday.—This morning the principal enemy line of resistance in the middle sector of their retreat appears to be along the course of the Somme and the St. Quentin Canal from St. Quentin to Chauny.

Our artillery during the night harassed the Germans in the direction of Rouppe.

Last evening there was a great fire burning towards St. Quentin, probably indicating another evacuated village.

In order to hamper pursuit the Germans had blown enormous gaps in the roads at the tranches and exits of all towns such as Roye, Nesle, Ham and all the larger villages by means of mines.

One such crater that I measured roughly must be sixty yards across. Along the main roads, which as usual in this part of France, are lined on both sides with tall elms, they felled the trees across the roads so that they must be dragged aside before any wheeled vehicle can pass.

### "IT IS AN ORDER."

Or else, more cunningly, they had seen them half through in such a way that the French, in order that they shall not tumble on the heads of their men, are obliged to tell them on to the road and drag them off themselves.

In most villages nearly every house has been burned or wrecked.

One lady against whom no complaint was ever made for thirty months had German officers quartered in her house. Before the Germans left they cut down ninety orchard trees belonging to her and blew up her empty stables and garage. Her protest was unavailing. "It is an order," she was told.

On the last day of their stay the orderlies of the German officers quartered on her set to work systematically to plunder everything in their aisle of the house.

They smashed the windows, chairs and tables, broke open wardrobes and cupboards and took away everything portable down to the sheets they had been using in their beds.

The officers were in the house at the time and knew perfectly well what their men were doing.

### WORE WOMEN'S HATS.

During the last days in Ham the German soldiers were allowed to wear blanchette in the matter of robbery. Some of these heroes were seen parading the streets in women's hats impudently stolen from the houses in which they were quartered.

It is noteworthy that the Germans continually represented to the people that it was the accused British who were responsible for the severities of their rule.

I have had confirmation from numbers of people whom I have met in the liberated towns of the accounts of the shortage of food in the German army. The soldiers begged, and lately even stole, the food sent by the American Relief Commission, excusing themselves on the ground that they were in desperate need.

### HINDENBURG.

The official explanation of the Germans' retreat given to the inhabitant was: "We are not retreating; we are simply shortening our line." The people were told that Hindenburg was resolved to give up trench warfare and force the Allies to fight in the open.

There can be no doubt that the German soldiers are firmly persuaded that Hindenburg is executing an obscure but terrible plan which will bring utter confusion upon the Allies.

A wounded German captured during the retreat was asked jestingly why his comrades were retreating so fast.

He replied, "It is Hindenburg's secret," and as he mentioned the marshal's name, although wounded in the thigh, he struggled to his feet and stood to attend to the feet of the dictator's presence.—Reuter's Special.

## "ATTACK WAS QUASHED."

### GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Western Front.—Between Lens and Arras, after lively artillery fire, engagements of reconnoitring troops developed.

On the tract of land on both sides of the Somme and the Oise there were encounters between advanced detachments.

On the left bank of the Meuse an attack which was in preparation was quashed by means of our fire directed upon the enemy's trenches.

As the result of raids into the French lines on the Aisne-Marne Canal, north-east of Verdun, near St. Mihiel, and on the western slope of the Vosges in the Plaine Valley, our storming troops brought back forty prisoners.

Night.—Apart from minor engagements between the Somme and the Aisne, no events of special importance are reported.—Admiralty per Wireless.



## INDIGESTION & DYSPEPSIA.

Correct Name of the Product Prescribed  
by Leading Specialist Now Ascertained.

Although so much has been said and written concerning the new treatment for indigestion and dyspepsia—the treatment which was originally employed by a specialist in his private practice, and proved so successful as to warrant its adoption by hospitals throughout the country—there are still a large number of sufferers who are doubtful as to the name and nature of the preparation which is giving such wonderful results. We are therefore glad to be in a position to state definitely that the product employed is an antacid known to physicians and chemists as bisurated magnesia, and the quantity usually advised in the treatment of most forms of stomach trouble is half a teaspoonful in a little warm or cold water immediately after meals. This instantly neutralises the acid, which is the underlying cause of all the trouble, and at the same time it soothes and heals the inflamed stomach, and thus quickly effects a radical cure, as in the case of Mr. T. Pensom, of 25, Leamington-road, Birmingham, who writes as follows:—"I have suffered considerably with indigestion and dyspepsia, and whatever food I took—no matter how light—used to cause agonising pain and discomfort. I consulted doctors, but to no good purpose, and it was absolute martyrdom to work. Then one day I heard of your Bisurated Magnesia, and in desperation I thought I would give it a trial. I thank the powers that be that I did so, for the first dose relieved me, and to-day I can eat anything I fancy with impunity."

There is nothing else capable of producing such good results so quickly, and for this reason you should ask your chemist very distinctly for Bisurated Magnesia. It genuine this will be supplied to you in a sealed bottle—never loose—and the price asked will be 3s. At first this may seem rather a lot to pay, but remember that the bottle contains sufficient for six weeks' continuous treatment, and that enclosed in every package is the manufacturer's guarantee to refund the purchase price in any case where Bisurated Magnesia fails to give absolute satisfaction.

BISURATED MAGNESIA can now be obtained of all Chemists in mint-flavoured or effervescent tablets as well as in the ordinary powdered form.—(Advt.)

## WHAT PHYSICIANS PRESCRIBE FOR NERVES.

Something over sixty years ago Pelouze, a French scientist, discovered a form of organic phosphorus which, when taken into the human system, was quickly converted into nerve tissue. Nearly half a century later Robin, a distinguished French physician, began a scientific investigation of the use of this organic phosphorus and its effect upon the human system, with results that amazed the scientific and medical world, and to-day it is an admitted fact that in the treatment of those ailments, directly or indirectly due to depleted nervous vitality it is unequalled. To-day physicians and hospitals everywhere recognise its merits by its use in ever increasing quantities. It is therefore a matter of more than ordinary interest to all such sufferers to learn that this organic nerve-building phosphorus is now obtainable of chemists everywhere in the form of 5-grain tablets of pure litho-phosphate at a cost so low as to be within the reach of everyone. One of these tablets should be taken with each meal, and the results in many instances are little short of marvellous. Dull eyes become bright, sleep is restored to the sleepless, the nerves regain their strength, thin people put on flesh, and the whole system becomes charged with that strength, vitality, and energy which make life so truly worth while.—(Advt.)

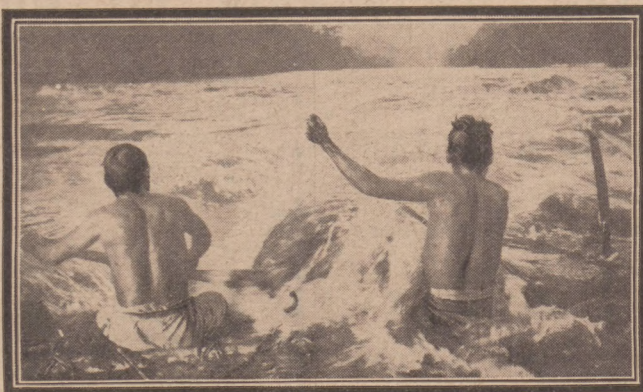
## A Hint to Mothers.

Such a good hint was given to me the other day by the mother of three dear little girls, all of whom possess the most beautiful fair hair. She confided to me the secret of her success in keeping her kiddies' hair in such good condition, and in preserving its colour. She never allows anyone to shampoo it but herself.

It seems that the secret to which she owes the perfect condition of beautiful colour of her little girls' hair is an old-fashioned shampoo which, though not as well known as it should be, is still largely used by fair-haired women, who wish to preserve the colour of their hair. This shampoo is made by mixing a teaspoonful of stallax granules in a cup of hot water, and massaging it well into the scalp.

Any good chemist will supply stallax granules, and the tip is one which should be well worth remembering both by mothers for their kiddies, and fair-haired women for themselves, for the use of this shampoo seems to be the only way to preserve the colour of fair hair which has such a tendency to turn darker at the roots, thus spoiling it completely.—(Advt.)

## DISCOVERED SOURCE OF AMAZON.



Indians crossing a stream amid submerged rocks on the Upper Huallago River



Professors Coates and Danne on a raft. In circle Captain Besley.

Captain Besley, whose expedition discovered the source of the Amazon, gave his wonderful cinematograph lecture, "From Pacific to Atlantic," for the first time in public at the Duchess of Rutland's matinee at the Philharmonic Hall yesterday.

## EIGHT N.C.O.s AND MEN WHO ARE MISSING.



Pte. P. Bland (C.E.F.). Write to his parents at 79, Ryland-road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.



Rfn. F. Johns (Rifle Brigade). Write to H. Johns at 44, Annesley-road, Hucknall, Notts.



Pte. J. Bygraves (D.C.L.I.). Write to Mrs. R. Hague, 29, Stanton-street, Deptford, London, S.E.



Charles L. Perkins. Write to Mr. T. A. Perkins, at 18, The Drive, High Barnet, Herts.



Lee-Cpl. Jim Connolly (Middlesex Regt.). Write to 3, Hollow Way, Cowley, Oxford.



Lee-Cpl. H. Lucas (Essex Regt.). Write to F. Lucas at 1, Rose Cottage, Minley, Essex.



Prince Friedrich Karl, who, says the German official, "has not returned after a flight over the enemy's lines." He once entered for the Wimbledon tennis championship as "F. Karl."



Acting Sgt. D. G. Steer (Royal Fusiliers). Write to Oakdene, Shinfield-road, Reading.



Pte. W. S. Newman (Royal Fusiliers). Write to C. P. Newman, Lindsey-street, Epping, Essex.

## For biliousness, indigestion, sick-headache,

constipation, and all troubles arising from sluggish liver or disordered digestion, such as malnutrition, depression, lassitude, dizziness or nervous irritability, Cockle's Pills give prompt relief, giving one's natural forces exactly the help they welcome.

The effect of Cockle's Pills is thorough and harmless. They contain no mineral or other injurious or habit-forming constituents.

TRY  
COCKLE'S  
Next Time.  
—  
Buy a box  
to-day.

# Cockle's ANTIBILIOUS Pills



Daily I watch the waning of my bloom.  
Ah, pitious fading of a thing so fair!  
While Fate, remorseless, wears at her loom,  
Twines festive silver in my tinted hair.

Only women know the poignant tragedy of the silver streak—the symbol of departing youth. In these days, alas! care and worry, the constant effort to mask anxiety behind a brave and smiling countenance, have brought on to women prematurely the silvery touch of Time.

## SEEGEROL FOR GREY HAIR "You simply comb it thro"

Seegerol is the staunch and valued friend of three-quarters of a million women all over the world, because there is nothing so natural in its effect, because it is absolutely harmless to the hair, because it is washable and permanent—because it never fades to those tell-tale tints which ordinary hair dyes so ludicrously produce. You can get Seegerol in any natural shade required. Your own Chemist or Stores will gladly supply you with Seegerol. Its price is 2/- the flask. It is produced in six natural shades—brown, dark brown, light brown, black, auburn and golden.



# Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, MARCH 23, 1917.

## ENTER SPRING.

THIS sweet season of the year is bringing in the customary number of pathetic letters from our readers, who desire to know whether "the seasons haven't changed" since the old days when poets celebrated the Spring and showed us themselves "taking the winds of March with beauty" as they went forth in the guise of shepherds, holding pipes, wreathed in snowdrops, accompanied by early lambs that gambolled in circles about them.

Why does derision now greet this old picture? Why do we mock at it? Surely the seasons have greatly changed. . . .

Or is it not the mind of man rather that has changed a little?—ever so little; but just enough to be rather more sadly realistic and observant of meteorological fact than it used to be?

The sap mounts in the new year. Its effect upon those vigorous worthies of Elizabeth's days was to blind them to reality. Accustomed, too, to rougher living within doors, they were better fitted to affront the outer air. The mere fact that in their greater simplicity they rarely took baths helped them to face these icy winds. Their imaginations worked vigorously. And at night, as the wind whistled in the hatch, they sat by a smoking turf fire, flickering dip by their side, oblivious of all, indifferent to the truth, and wrote about the coming of April and the swallow and the violet and primrose and the bird upon the branch.

The seasons were the same. . . . Take Shakespeare. He excels his contemporaries not so much, not only, because he is unlike them. On the contrary, he accepts their conventions and follows their fashions. He excels them because his nature is so powerful, his sincerity, at times, so strong, that he cannot help seeing the truth when it stares him in the face. So he, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," answering no doubt that objection of a contemporary that "the seasons are all changed," has that exquisite passage about the fairies who made wet winter out of fair summer and turned the heats of June—as they ought to be—into the blasts of March—as they always are. He too often yielded to the generous illusion of Spring. Who does not? Hope is a good thing. He yielded; but he knew. And he knew that we get no Spring in England.

Better, he knew that Spring in England is a grim season of struggle, war or no war, for all of us, poets included. . . .

And the war has only changed one thing in this fact, against that fiction, about Spring.

It has perhaps—here we hope again—it has possibly made us less selfish in our protest against the snows of March, the hail of April, the frosts of May, the rain of June, July and August. It has made us think first of them *là-bas*, out yonder in France, striving to win this war and to abolish this nightmare. For indeed, as Spring arrives, with typical violence of attack upon us, we reflect that Nature alone is enough to struggle with in life, without war. War and Spring together—no, it is really too much. . . . W. M.

## THE FLIRT.

Fine young fellow, though you were  
That fair beauty I did swear,  
Yet you never could reach my heart:  
For we courtiers learn at school,  
Only with your sex to fool;  
You're not worth the serious part.

When I see your curl or lace,  
Gentle soul, you think your face  
Straight some murder dolt commit;  
And your virtue dolt begin  
To grow scrupulous of my sin,  
When I talk to show my wit.

Therefore, madam, wear no cloud,  
Nor to check my love grow proud;  
In sooth I much do doubt,  
'Tis the powder in your hair,  
Not your breath, perfumes the air,  
And your clothes that set you out.

WILLIAM HAZELTON (1640).

## WOMEN WORKERS AFTER THE WAR.

### PIN-MONEY VERSUS A REAL LIVING WAGE.

By CECIL HAMMERSLEY.

A FEW days ago I was talking to an employer about the wages question (said Miss Mary Macarthur, Secretary of the Women's Trade Union League), and he said: "Anyhow, women are ten-a-penny. I only have to put up a notice and there are hundreds at the gate looking for a job."

And the call is for more women and still more to "come forward"! We're a quaint nation. If, as with art, every nation had the women it deserved, then Britain would certainly send out those "calls" in vain.

Everyone surely realises that woman will never give up the fruits of the victory she has so nobly won. She has silenced for ever

equal accuracy, is being paid only 16s. a week.)

Not only is this sort of thing terribly unjust to the woman worker, but it tends to lower the standard rates of payment for the men when they come back. Many employers may refuse to pay a man several pounds a week for doing work that they can get a woman to do equally well for several shillings.

### THOSE WHO MUST GO.

For the benefit of all serious woman workers, more especially the many thousands who have to earn a living to keep themselves, and possibly a mother or younger dependent, those "ten-a-penny" workers—the "pin-money pastime" triflers—must go. These pocket-money women only lower the value of competent workers. There is no longer room for the semi-amateur, although no doubt for what she does she is adequately paid. The

## WHEN WE CARRY OUR PARCELS WITHOUT PAPER.



Paper is scarce, boys to carry parcels are scarcer. Seen these sweet simple-life scenes will be common in our streets.—(By W. K. Haselden.)

those who said that she should seek no outlets for her mental and physical energies apart from her pots, pans and perambulator. There is, however, always the question: How best can woman make her position secure after the war, run side by side with man in the race of life as a comrade and fellow-worker, and not as a fighting competitor?

An employer must not be permitted to imagine that he can pay a woman 25s. a week, say, for doing precisely the same duties, equally well, for which he would pay a man £2 or over. And, the Government must first set the good example. (In one Government department a man was doing certain work before the war for £3 a week. His post at present is being filled by a young girl, who, though doing exactly the same work with

complete organisation of the thoroughly competent woman worker would be of benefit to her masculine colleagues. Instead of being forced against her will and interests to undercut him on the wages list, she would be competing honestly with him on an equal basis.

So, instead of an employer with a position vacant being able to say: "I can get a woman to do this work for 25s., while I should have to pay a man £2 10s., therefore I'll employ a woman," he would have to say: "This post is worth £2 10s. A man can have it or a woman can have it—whichever of them is the most skilful, the best-trained worker."

Now, the employer has this problem to face: If a man marries, the fact does not interrupt his work; but if a woman becomes a wife, more often than not her work breaks

## MISTRESS AND SERVANT.

### THEY SHOULD WORK TOGETHER FOR THE SAKE OF ECONOMY.

IT is a lamentable sign of incompetence in English housewives, surely, that so many of them complain that "servants won't save."

The question to ask is: Why will not servants save?

And the answer: "Because many English housewives are so lazy and careless as to leave everything to the servants."

The reason the French housewife is so much more economical than her English, if not her Scots, sister, is that she sees to the affairs of the house herself. When servants see that we leave everything to them they naturally neglect things. Mistress and servant should work together, and thus saving would be effected. L. S. S. Vale-square, Ramsgate.

### EAD EXAMPLE.

I TAKE it that all travellers recognise that Italian and French servants are more economical than ours in their own countries.

When they come over to this country they insensibly adopt the standards in vogue here. They become extravagant, because we are naturally a thriftless and extravagant nation. H. S. E. Cadogan-court, S.W.

### FREE TO GO.

THERE always has been, and always will be, trouble between mistresses and servants, and as each case is an individual one it is quite impossible to solve the problem by any hard and fast rule.

One thing is certain, however. A servant is not a slave. If she is in a bad place she can leave it, but if she prefers to grumble and stay on, then one can have little sympathy for her. PROBLEM.

### NIGGERS?

IN the States—the Southern States—coloured servants are the solution.

How I miss my dear old nigger cook! But I don't suggest you could try the nigger over here. He'd die in the first fog. AN AMERICAN.

### BY THE DAY.

DAY servants living out is a possible solution of the servant problem.

This will give to the servant that sense of independence they love, which at present attracts them to teashops.

A MISTRESS.

### IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 22.—Since many vegetables will do well in odd corners, or in poor soil, the owner of a small garden, where space is limited, should not cultivate such subjects in choice positions. Jerusalem artichokes, for instance, will grow in almost any ground; planted against a north fence they will keep off cold winds. Plant at once about two feet apart.

Rhubarb can generally be grown successfully in odd corners if the ground is well prepared. Set out strong roots this month. In a warm, sunny corner a mound of leaves, manure and good soil can be now got ready for vegetable marrows. Sow the seeds in pots in a sunny frame next month. E. F. T.

### A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Be wisely worldly; be not worldly wise.—Quarles.

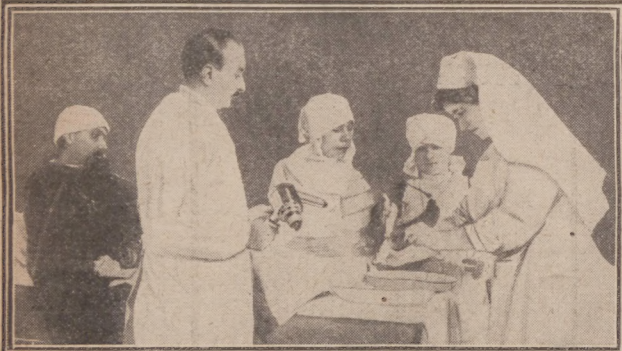


# IN THE WAKE OF THE RETREATING HUN—SHATTERED DUG-OUTS WHERE F



An old German trench. A chair on which Fritz used to take his ease has been left behind.—(Official photograph.)

## NEW TREATMENT FOR SHELL BURNS.



The Countess Ida Cahen d'Anvers treating a wounded soldier at Verona. She introduced the new Ambrine treatment for shell burns into Italy, a method which has been utilised by the French Government with such wonderful success.

## A BATH FOR THEIR FRIEND THE CAMEL.



Anzacs bathing their invaluable friend the camel. This can only take place in Egypt after a heavy shower of rain, when the water comes down from the sand hills, and for a time forms a moving lake.



A captured dug-out.—(Official.)



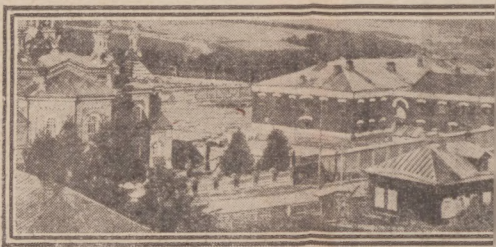
A building in flames in Peronne. Shops and houses were burning when we entered.

## THE GREAT RED CROSS SALE.



The scene at Christie's during the great Red Cross Sale yesterday, when rare and beautiful gifts were put up to auction.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

## SOCIALISTS BEHIND PRISON BAR



The prison from which the Socialists have been released.

## IN THE THEATRICAL WORLD.



Miss Marion Hamilton, niece of Mr. Harry Lauder, acting in "Three Cheers."



Miss Daisy Le Hay, now playing in a "Little Bit of Fluff" at the Criterion.



M. Badaieff. M. Petrovsky. M. Samoizoff. M. Mouranoff.

These five Socialist members of a former Duma have been released. Hundreds of people were banished to Siberia by the old régime for political opinions, but they have now been restored to freedom.



# OUTS WHERE FRITZ THOUGHT TO REMAIN UNTIL "THE DAY OF VICTORY."



s and houses were burning when we entered the town.—(Official photograph.)



The salvage of a battlefield in the region of Bapaume. It consists of uniforms, helmets and rifles.—(Official photograph.)



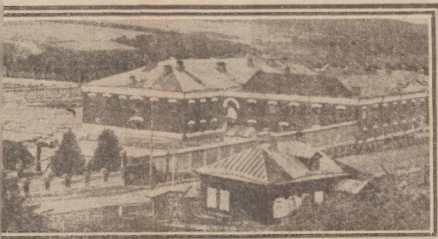
The old Hun line.—(Official.)

## BIG PARTY OF WOUNDED AT THE N.S.C.



Five hundred wounded sailors and soldiers were entertained at the National Sporting Club by the members of the Vaudeville Dramatic Club. There was an entertainment in addition to the tea.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

## ISTS BEHIND PRISON BARS.



on from which the Socialists have been released.



M. Petrovsky. M. Sameizoff. M. Mouranoff. M. Chagoff.  
members of a former Duma have been released from prison.  
ere banished to Siberia by the old régime for political offences,  
they have now been restored to freedom.

## REASON OF THE RETREAT.



A soldier artist draws a picture in chalk on the walls of a hospital, where he is a patient. Called "Der Tag," it shows why the Hun is retreating.

## CIVIL AND MILITARY HEROES.

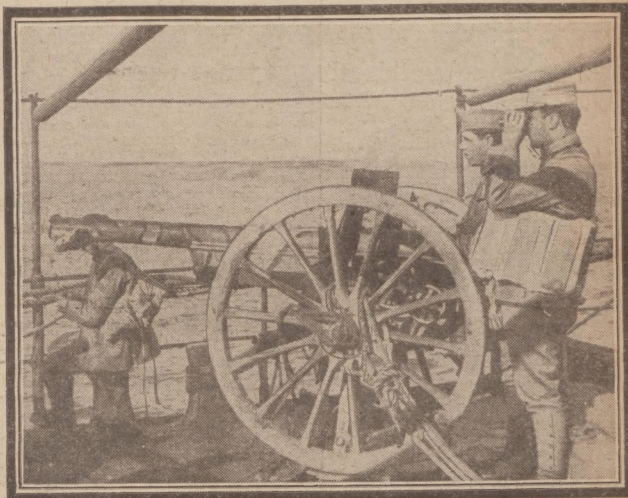


Major Hereward de Haviland, R.F.C., son of Rev. C. de Haviland, now D.S.O.



Detective-Inspector John Clynes, of Manchester, King's Police Medal.

## ON THE WATCH FOR SUBMARINES.



On board a troopship in the Mediterranean, showing a "75" ready to deal with any pirate craft. The gunners both wear lifebelts, and one is scanning the sea with glasses for a glimpse of a periscope.



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14, 16, Eden Grove (adjoining).  
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**THE MAN WHO WENT TO SEABOARD.**  
 By the Authors of "The Man Who Staid at Home."  
**HAYMAKER.** At 8.30 sharp. **GENERAL POST.**  
 Mr. J. H. B. HAWKINS. **THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME.**  
 Norman McKinnell. **THE GENERAL POST.** Sat. 2.30.  
**HIS MAJESTY'S** Every Evening, at 8.

**CHU CHIN CHOW.**  
 Musical Tale of the East.  
**NEW SCHOOLS.** SAT. 2.30. **THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME.**  
**MATINEES.** Every Wed., Thurs. and Sat. at 2.30.  
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 By Walter Haddon, produced by Walter and Frederick  
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**THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME.**  
**THE LAND OF PROMISE.** By W. Somerset Maugham.  
**IRENE VANBRUGH** as Every March.  
**THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME.** Every Evening, at 8.30.  
**PLAUSIBLE.** At 8.30. **THE MISLEADING LADY.**  
 Mrs. Helen Gramlich, Mabela Cherry.  
 (Ger. 3078)

[illegible]



# PETER LYSTER. THE MAN WHO FORGOT



By RUBY M. AYRES.

## PEOPLE IN

### THE STORY.

**NAN MARRABY**, a charming girl, who became engaged to Peter Lyster on the eve of his departure for France.

**PETER LYSTER**, who has lost his memory as the result of a wound.

**JOAN ENDICOTT**, Nan's friend, whose husband is at the front.

**JOHN ARNOTT**, Peter's friend and a brother officer, who comes to tell Nan that Peter has lost his memory.

Nan Marraby, who comes to tell Nan that Peter has lost his memory.

## HOW THE STORY BEGINS.

NAN MARRABY became engaged to Peter Lyster on the eve of his departure for France. All the time he is away she tries to keep up her courage and hope for the best, even when the outlook seems darkest. She devotes herself to cheering and giving strength to her friend, Joan Endicott, whose husband is also serving in France. Joan is weak and clinging, but Nan is strong and brave, and most of the burden falls upon her shoulders. They live together in a little flat, each anxiously waiting for the news that she dreads and hoping for the safe return of the man she loves.

At last news reaches Nan that Peter has been seriously wounded. She bears the blow heroically, and becomes more attentive than ever to Joan, who is desperately worried about her husband, Tim. Nan keeps a brave face to the foe, although her heart is torn with anxiety. Then come tidings that Peter is out of danger.

The two girls settle down once more to wait as patiently as they can.

One evening a visitor comes to see Nan. It is Peter's friend, Lieutenant Arnott, and he has come to tell her that Peter is in London, but that he has lost his memory completely.

It is the shock, he explains, that has wiped out from Peter's mind the remembrance of everything that had happened before he was wounded. He does not know that he is engaged to Nan. He has forgotten all about her, and all Arnott's efforts to recall the events of the past have failed.

Nan decides to go and see Peter at once. Arnott has told her that he is in London—and she will not listen to his advice when he begs her to postpone her visit for a little time.

All she wants is to see him, for she thinks that he will remember her when they meet.

Very reluctantly, Arnott takes her to the hotel at which he is staying with Peter. Once more he tries to dissuade her from what he knows will be a painful interview, but she insists upon going on. Alone she goes into the smoking-room, where Peter is talking with great animation to a girl.

A terrible suspicion—a suspicion of which she feels ashamed—flashes into Nan's mind. Peter seems so well and so natural that she wonders whether he has really lost his memory—or whether she has been cruelly deceived.

Are you looking for anything? The girl who is with Peter asks.

Nan hesitatingly explains that she thinks she must have left her gloves elsewhere. Peter comes and helps her to look for them; but although their eyes meet he does not remember her.

With a frozen heart Nan leaves the room, and Arnott takes her home. She has to tell Joan all about her ordeal, and then she makes her way to her own room to be alone with her grief.

Her cup of sorrow is filled to the brim when Arnott asks her whether she knows anything about the girl which Peter prizes very much. He cannot find it, and he fears that it has been stolen. Nan does not reply.

The next day Arnott brings Nan the packet of letters she had written to Peter. He tells her that Peter is going to stay with her, and he asks her whether she would like him to ask his sister to invite her at the same time.

Nan refuses the invitation to Arnott's regret, for she has a very real desire to help Nan in her unhappy predicament.

Nan receives a telegram from her husband to say that he is returning home on leave. She is overjoyed and, almost like a selfish child in her delight, says to Nan: "I hope you won't think me very horrid, but, of course, when Tim comes home, I want me all to myself, and I was wondering—you won't be hurt, Nan—if you'd mind going away for just these few days."

Nan gives a queer little laugh. "I can go home . . . or—to some friends," she replies.

## SHATTERED DREAMS.

JOAN gave a little sigh of relief. "I was sure you would not mind if I asked you," she said. "It was the first thought that came into my head after I read Tim's telegram. I've been without him so long, you see, and we used to be so happy here just by ourselves. Of course, you need not go till the morning he comes home—but I am sure that he will want me all to himself. After all, five days is such a little time, isn't it?"

Nan said yes, she supposed that it was, but she felt curiously hurt that Joan should be so anxious to get rid of her.

If everything had been normal she would not have minded, she told herself; but, coming so directly on top of her own great sorrow and disappointment, it seemed a callous thing to have even suggested.

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

"I should have offered to go, anyway," she said, with an unconscious touch of dignity. "I quite understand how you feel."

But the tears started in her eyes as she went to her own room with her little parcel of letters.

If the situation had been reversed, she would never have made such a suggestion to Joan. She thought, and looked at the girl, rather than have done her best to try and make her friend forget some of her sorrow. She stifled a sigh.

She was glad Tim was coming home; she liked him, he was so bright and breezy; but she thought with a sort of dismay in her heart of having to go back home for five days.

Home had never been home to Nan since her mother died and her father married again. That was years ago now; Nan had been a small child of nine then, but she could remember as if it were yesterday, the night when her father brought his second wife up to the nursery and told Nan that she must love her.

Nan had sat up in bed, half-awake, and wholly indignant, and looked at the hard, rather handsome face of the woman who was to take her mother's place, and had promptly informed her that she hated her.

Nan's father said sternly.

Nan had raised a furious face to his face. "I do hate her," she reiterated stoutly.

And the second Mrs. Marraby had never forgotten or forgiven those words; in the years that followed she had singled Nan out for special dislike and unkindness. Looking back now so that time it seemed that Nan's life had been made up of abuse and harsh words and petty unkindnesses.

For ten years she had been forced to stand it; ten years during which three small brothers appeared to add to her burdens, and push her more and more out of favour, till at last she had begged her father to allow her to leave home.

"I can't wait here," she said. "Let me go. I can earn my own living."

He looked at her with unsympathetic eyes; he had always preferred boys to girls, and he had never quite got over his first disappointment. "Nan, I can't have you," he said.

"You don't know what you're talking about," he told her fiercely. "Earn your own living, indeed! It's not so easily done. And I can't afford to keep you unless you live at home. I don't see why you can't stay here—you could be useful to your stepmother."

"She hates me," said Nan.

Mr. Marraby frowned.

"You imagine these things," he said testily. "She's been very good to you—she's looked after you and brought you up as if you'd been her own child; she's never made any difference between the way she treats you and her own boys."

Nan wondered if he really believed this, or if he was only just saying it to draw her, but she held her tongue; after all, what was the use of saying anything.

"I would much rather go away and earn my own living," she told him again gently.

"Very well, make your own arrangements. I'll give you £10, but not another farthing, mind you, and you can always come home if you get tired of independence; nobody shall ever say that I turned my own daughter out of the house."

"As if I should ever come back, no matter what happened," Nan told herself proudly. She knew so well what her stepmother would say were such a thing to happen; the sneers she could hear her put up with, and she knew up her mind then and there that no matter how much she hated earning her own living she would never go back home again to live.

Happy days went to London with nothing but a £10 and her own luck to help her, and for a whole week she sat in the bed sitting-room which she had taken in an unattractive suburb and answered advertisements and tramped to and fro from agents' offices till she was tired out.

Apparently nobody wanted her, or believed in her capability, and then one day she answered an advertisement for the post of companion to a delicate lady and got it.

The delicate lady proved to be one of the few women of whom Nan had ever heard who did not regard a companion as someone to be treated not quite so well as a servant, and Nan stayed with her for two years.

Happy years the were of uneventful, not at all exciting, monotony, but it was better than being at home. Nobody ever spoke unkindly to her or made her feel that she was not wanted, and it was a real relief that Nan when one morning, she found that Miss Lyster's room as usual to wake her, and found that the little lady had died in her sleep.

She had been a singularly friendless sort of person, and at first it seemed to Nan as if no other part of the world was ever coming forward to claim the few possessions she had left behind her.

Mr. Rook, Miss Lyster's solicitor, came and went and was kind to Nan in his dry sort of way.

"You had better stay on for the present, my dear young lady," he said. "It is impossible to make final arrangements till I hear from Miss Lyster's nephew. Yes, there is a nephew, as of course, you know."

Nan said, "Yes, she had heard Miss Lyster speak of Peter, her brother's only child. He had gone abroad some years before, and never been home since; but she had never been very interested in him. As a matter of fact, she had found Mr. Lyster rather boring on the subject of this particular young man, and it was only for something to say that she asked Mr. Rook if Peter Lyster would have all the worldly possessions which his aunt had left behind."

She looked round the familiar sitting-room as she spoke with tears in her eyes; it had grown to mean home to her, and she felt that it would be a great wrench to leave it for ever.

"I should like to keep something of hers, if you think I may," she said. "Just some little thing."

"You will find that you have not been forgotten," Mr. Rook told her gently, and later, when Miss Lyster's will was read, Nan found that she had been left a sufficiently large capital to bring her in a hundred a year.

Everything now went to Peter Lyster, but it was many weeks after Miss Lyster's death, and after the war had broken out, that one day when Nan was sitting alone in the silent room where she had passed so many hours reading aloud, talking to Miss Lyster, that the little maid who had stayed on with her came to the door with round eyes and a scared expression to say that a soldier was asking to see Miss Lyster.

And that was how Nan met Peter.

"Marie for each other, we were," so he had often told her since in the happy days that followed . . .

Nan had met John Endicott while she was with Miss Lyster, and when Tim joined the Army after Miss Lyster's death the two girls went to live together, and had lived together ever since.

So often they had talked of the future, and what they would do when their time came home from France, and now all Nan's dreams had been shattered with one blow, and she was just left, a hurt, shivering soul, alone in an unsympathetic world where even her one friend had failed her.

## THE CALL OF LOVE.

NAN put the little bundle of letters away in a drawer, and looked at them to-day; she had not got the pluck to look at them to-day; some other time perhaps she would take them out and live once more through her vanished dream.

She tried to forget that Arnott had suggested that she should go down to his sister, but she thought kept coming to her mind again and again, torturing her.

Why should she go? What harm would she be doing to anybody? She had a right to her happiness—a right to fight for it, even though it had apparently slipped through her fingers.

At least if she went she would see Peter every day. She would hear his voice and speak to him, whereas if she stayed away . . .

She tried to argue with herself. What was the use? She was only laying up trouble for herself—forging fresh weapons with which to scourge her own heart.

Far better go home for the five days during which Joan had no use for her.

Joan came to the door.

"Nan, are you going out?"

Nan looked round.

"I will if you want me to." She glanced towards the window. She had not realised till now that the sun was shining. "I thought perhaps you would go and get my new hat," Joan said. "It was promised for to-day, and I should so love to have it. Tim might come sooner than he says, you know. Things are always so uncertain in the Army."

She spoke with just a shade of patronage in her voice, as if Nan had no share now in the million man who was being fighting for England. Perhaps the tone of her voice was unconscious, but it sent the angry blood to Nan's cheeks. She turned away to keep herself from answering angrily.

"I'll go if you like," she said. "But won't you come, too?" It's such a lovely morning; it would do you good to go out."

But Joan would not come; she had a great deal to see to, she said with a new touch of importance. She looked a different creature this morning, the old air of listlessness had left her, her brown eyes danced.

Nan put on her hat; she was really rather glad to be going alone; to-day she did not feel as if she could be very patient with Joan, who walked down the road quickly, as if glad to escape from the house.

She took an omnibus up Regent-street. London was looking as only London can look on a spring morning when the sun is shining. The women on the island in Piccadilly had huge baskets of spring flowers; everyone looked smiling and good-tempered. A soldier who sat next to Nan on the omnibus was displaying a fine character; she looked about him; Nan noticed that his cap badge was the same as Peter Lyster's; she remembered with a pang that she was wearing the little enamel brooch of military colours which Peter had given her before he went away. She always kept it pinned to her coat; she looked down at it now with eyes suddenly misty.

She supposed that really she no longer had a right to wear it—she wondered if Peter had noticed it yesterday when she came face to face with him in the hotel.

If he had, it would convey nothing to him, she told herself drearily; nearly every woman one met nowadays wore some military badge or another.

She got down at Oxford-circus and crossed the road; there were a great many people about. Nan felt very lonely amongst all the crowds; so many girls had been in uniform with them—Nan could not bear to look at them—she went on quickly, only anxious now to get away from the noise and bustle and be alone.

A man coming out of a shop almost ran into her; he pulled up short with a laughing apology, then broke off with an exclamation of delight.

"Miss Marraby—"

It was John Arnott, and there a little behind him was Peter Lyster.

Another splendid instalment of this great story will be published to-morrow.



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The Countess of Glasgow, who has just returned from a visit to New Zealand.



Sir George Bullough, whose horse was the War National Steeple-chase at Galwick.

## THE IRISH PROBLEM.

### Another Attempt To Be Made to Arrive at a Settlement.

WHATEVER MAY BE the outcome of the new attempt to solve the age-long Irish problem, I must say, listening as I did to the speeches in the House of Commons last night, I have never known a keener desire for settlement to be expressed by both sides of the House. But an amicable arrangement has so frequently been "within sight" that even after last night's speeches there were pundits with haunting doubts as to the success of the new movement.

### Mr. Bonar Law's speech.

It was a debate of extraordinary interest. Strangely enough it was carried on mainly by men who do not represent Irish constituencies. The friendliest feeling pervaded the debate. Only once were there slight murmurs of dissent. This was when Lord Hugh Cecil predicted that a Parliament in Dublin would be "filled with Sinn Feiners." Mr. Bonar Law, in a conciliatory, happily-phrased speech, delivered in swift, conversational tones, was followed in unbroken silence.

### Absent Leaders.

NEITHER THE PRIME MINISTER nor Mr. John Redmond was in the House. The Nationalist leader is still on the sick list, and Mr. Lloyd George was busy elsewhere. His profound anxiety to see the Irish question settled, however, is well known to all parties.

### Peers Who Listened.

A GOOD MANY nobles strolled into the Peers' Gallery to hear the debate. These included Lord Winborne (the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland), Lord MacDonnell (a former Under-Secretary for Ireland), Lord Beresford, Lord Killanin, Lord Reading and Lord Southwark. On the Treasury bench Mr. Bonar Law sat between Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Duke, the Chief Secretary. Mr. Asquith, Mr. Churchill and Mr. Birrell were on the well-filled front opposition bench.

### The Red Cross Sale.

I DO NOT remember ever having seen so many people at Christie's as I did yesterday afternoon. It was the first day of the Red Cross Sale, and the sale room was packed with a crowd of people, most of whom were watching the proceedings with the keenest interest. Curiosity, no doubt, attracted a certain number, but there were many who came to watch and remained to buy.

### Spectators.

THERE WERE more women than men. That is a not uncommon occurrence in these days, when so large a percentage of our men are "somewhere in France." Those who contrived to find a seat were fortunate. The remainder stood, patiently enough, round the walls.

### The Complete Auctioneer.

THE AUCTIONEER, Mr. Hammen, was in admirable form. Every minute or so his hammer would come down with business-like precision, and there was a peremptory note in his voice which warned possible purchasers that it might be dangerous to dally. I arrived just in time to see a Frankenthal group—the gift of Messrs. Duvren Brothers—knocked down for 4,000 guineas.

### The King's Gift.

AN AUDIBLE buzz of interest went round the room when a bronze bowl was put up for sale. It was the gift of the King. The precise date of the bowl's manufacture is uncertain, but it is estimated that it was made in China some time during the Chow dynasty. Naturally, there were many competitors for this coveted treasure. It was ultimately secured for £380. Yesterday's takings in all amounted to over £5,000.

# TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

### Snow Day.

WE DO NOT have weather in London now. We have weathers. We had them yesterday—weathers of all kinds. As I was walking along the Haymarket at about two o'clock in the afternoon I was rejoicing in the return of spring. But I had failed to take into account the caprice of the Clerk of the Weather.

### Weather Assurances.

THE SUNSHINE was of short duration. Something fell from the sky. It was snow. For the next few minutes it continued to fall, and luckless foot passengers sought the shelter of the nearest doorway. Then—as suddenly as it had begun—the storm ceased, and the sun shone again.

### The Sculptor in the Snow.

I SUPPOSE there is some malicious instinct in human nature which prompts us to enjoy the discomforts of other people while we deplore our own. I know that I felt a certain quite unjustifiable amusement as I watched Mr. Jacob Epstein—who was evidently not enjoying the weather—striding along Glasshouse-street with his coat collar turned up and his hat pressed well down over his brow.

### The Street of Ink.

EVERYBODY in Fleet-street is talking just now about "The Street of Ink," a highly-interesting book which Mr. H. Simonis has written about newspapers and newspaper men. Anyone who is in any way interested in the romance and work of the Press will find "The Street of Ink" an absorbing volume. You could not have a better reference work of its kind on your shelves.

### Novelist and Dramatist, Too.

MR. RAFAEL SABATINI, the novelist, is, I hear, going to collaborate with Mr. Harold Terry on a play. Mr. Sabatini is, as his name suggests, an Italian, although he has lived in England for years. He offered to join the Italian Army, but the doctors rejected him, much to his sorrow.



Mr. Rafael Sabatini.

### Italian History.

MR. SABATINI has written many stirring romances of the golden days of the Italian city-States. It was from one of his novels that I obtained a just appreciation of the great Caesar Borgia. When Mr. Sabatini isn't writing novels he is engaged in reading other people's novels in manuscript, for he is the "reader" for a famous London publisher. He also is a mighty fisherman.

### Bad Times for Shylock.

NOT ONLY has the ban on circulars hit the "small" moneylender very hard, but his business is suffering because so many of the class on which he used to batten are in the Army or liable to be called up. This is all to the good; but, on the other hand, I learn that the man who lends in thousands is flourishing.

### Putney and Potatoes.

SEVERAL PUTNEY LADIES who are accustomed to visit each other's houses have formed a No Potato League. They have pledged themselves not to eat potatoes at home or in restaurants, so that the present stocks may go to the poor. This is a capital way of meeting Lord Devonport's appeal.

### War Shopping.

I LEARNED in the West End yesterday that the throngs of women shoppers are all economists now. "There is little demand," a stores manager said, "for articles of luxury. The bargains women seek are articles of necessity. There is a great demand for labour-saving household utensils. It is due to so many women being compelled to do their own housework now."

### Economy in the Clubs.

"SO FAR as CLUBMEN are concerned," a club secretary said to me yesterday, "Lord Devonport's regulations are being strictly followed. Most members now eschew potatoes altogether. A number have become vegetarians. Others take only a cup of tea in the evening, doing without cakes and bread and butter. Our consumption of meat has been reduced at least 40 per cent. We are not anarchists, but we have learned how to abolish waste."

### The Future of the Shaftesbury.

I HAVE just learned that the Shaftesbury Theatre has been secured by a well-known theatrical "combine." It will probably be utilised exclusively for comic opera. In the meanwhile, "Three Cheers" is still playing to crowded houses.

### The Coliseum Matinee.

LADY COWDRAY tells me that there are still a number of seats available for to-day's all-star matinee at the Coliseum. The proceeds go to the Scottish Women's Hospital Fund.

### Orchestra of Women.

THE DRAMATIC STARS will play Mr. Jerome's "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." There will be stars before the footlights, too. The music will be novel, an orchestra of one hundred women will play under those famous conductors, Sir A. C. Mackenzie, Sir F. Cowen, Mr. Landon Ronald and Mr. Alfred Dove. Some orchestra!

### An Old Friend.

THE OTHER DAY I met Mr. J. A. E. Malone, who was so long associated with the late George Edwardes. He was in khaki, and looking very fit. He told me that since his return from the front he has been working hard for the Army Canteen Committee.

### Petticoat Lane to the Fore.

THAT CLEVER young playwright-airman, Mr. Leon Pollock, was sitting next me at a dinner-party the other night. He told me that the material for his three-act play which is to be produced soon as a lineal descendant of the "Potash and Perlmutter" group, was gathered during his youth in Jerry itself. He was born just off Petticoat-lane, which is the scene of one very dramatic act.

### Uninformed.

AT THE SAVOY I heard someone ask an officer just home on leave if there was any news from the front. "I really can't tell you," was the prompt reply. "I haven't seen a paper for weeks."



Miss Pepita Bobadilla, an Ecuadorian actress, now in "High Jinks."



Miss Yra Embury, who has been playing "Peter Pan" in the provinces.

### Art and the Movies.

ART, SOCIETY and THE STAGE poured into the Philharmonic Hall yesterday afternoon to see Captain Besley's Inca film, of which I told you. There was Sir Philip Burne-Jones with a party and Miss Ellen Terry with one of her beloved capacious bags. There were duchesses in plenty, headed by her Grace of Rutland. Grace Lady Newborough was swept in by the snowstorm, Lady Llangatock, too, and the Marchioness Townsend and later Lady Jellicoe.

### Wasted!

AS TO the stage, there was beauty in plenty with Miss Lily Elsie, Miss Doris Keane—Russian-booted and sable-coated—with her friend Miss Unger, Mrs. Pat Campbell and little Miss Winifred Barnes.

### A Widow-Chauffeur.

THERE was a bevy of Mayfair beauties, headed by Lady Elcho, to sell you a programme. Lady Elcho drove herself up in a little two-seater. She wore one string of pearls holding a diamond cross over her widow's dress. Another recent widow there was Lady Maud Warrender, one of her first public appearances.

### Where is Virginia?

IT IS so hoped that the United States will come into the war if only to teach some of us a little more geography. In a tea-shop the other day I asked the waitress: "Have you any American cigarettes?" "No," she replied, sweetly, "only Egyptian and Virginian." And Virginia is one of the oldest States of the Union, too!

THE RAMBLER.

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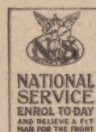
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# READ MR. BOTTOMLEY'S ARTICLE IN "SUNDAY PICTORIAL"

## Daily Mirror

### "CLASS" AT THE AMBASSADORS.



The emissary promises pardon for both if the Marquise becomes his.



The Marquise and emissary.



The Marquis and Marquise.

Miss Lillah McCarthy is the Marquise; Mr. C. M. Hallard the Marquis, and Mr. Charles Doran the emissary.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

### THREE MEN IN THE WAR NEWS.



Plt. J. Paice (Wiltshire Regt.), of Walthamstow, awarded the Military Medal.



Sgt. R. N. Torbett (R.F.), Military Medal. He controlled his platoon under a heavy barrage.



Lieut. H. L. Lascelles (R.F.C.), who was killed in a flying accident a few days ago.

### A ONE-LEGGED MAN LOOKS AFTER 211 PIGS.



"Another little drink won't do us any harm."



All the pigs follow Jim at feeding time.

With the help of an old soldier with a wooden leg and a man of seventy a pig farmer and market gardener near Woking was able to put on the market in six months £1,437 worth of pork and £174 worth of garden produce. In the next three months he anticipates an addition to his stock of about 240 pigs from his twenty-five breeding sows. Already he has 211 pigs, apart from the breeding animals. The staff is seen in one of the pictures.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

### THE CANADIAN WAY OF PLANTING POTATOES.



Cutting up the seed potatoes. They have a very economical way of using them.



A detachment of Canadian Bushmen are planting potatoes on a large piece of ground not so very far from London. In the bottom photograph the machine is seen making the furrows while the men follow behind. They line the furrows with the cuttings, and

on the return journey the machine works between the furrows, covering the potatoes and earthing up at the same time. These Canadians make many cuttings from good-sized potatoes and get wonderfully good results.